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The Miami Bulletin

ANNUAL

COMMENCEMENT

ORATION

MIAMI UNIVERSTIY

Nineteen Hundred and Four

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The Miami Bulletin

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ORATION

Delivered before the class of Nineteen Hundred and Four, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, Commencement Day, June Sixteenth, in Bishop Chapel, Ten o'clock A. M.

By

HON. WALTER WELLMAN

Of Washington, D. C.

Oration by
HON. WALTER WELLMAN
Of Washington D. C.

Mr. President, Trustees, Faculties and Members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Four:

Some times I wonder if such young men and young women as I see before me today appreciate to the full the opportunity that has come into your lives—the opportunity to dwell for a season within the the inspiring shades of this noble seat of learning, here to have your minds and your characters furnished out with the instrumentalities of success. If you do not, you ought. To those of us whom circumstances compelled to gain what little early education we had at the country schoolhouse—the country schoolhouse of blessed memory—the little red schoolhouse at the forks of the road, sitting back among the oak saplings—building so diminutive that it was known as the "seven by nine"; seats and benches so few and so close together that we were packed in like tiny sardines in a tin; the four r's—readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic and rompin' for our curriculum; the road-side seat of learning presided over by a gawky but earnest and ambitious youth from the village—who may now be a Senator or Congressman or one of your learned professors for aught I know—or by a sweet, patient —and we boys used to think almost divine young woman from the adjoining township—heaven send that her feet have followed only pleasant paths through this world, the paths of love and peace and children and good works; the homely, humble district school which we youths of my sex attended only in winter because in summer we had to take up the white boy's burden—the annual fight against the weeds which persisted in pernicious and profuse growth between the rows of corn or potatoes, our morning battle with the wood pile and carrying in the water for a dear mother's washing, the evening expedition after the stubborn and lazy cows which had not sense enough to come home from the distant pasture till our bare and very dirty feet had encountered the bruises of stones and the punctures of briars—forecasts of the way of the world—in pursuit of them; the rough and tumble country school where not much was done for our manners but a good deal for our manhood and womanhood and far more for our mentalities because we were taught just enough to stimulate our appetite for more and more, to give us zest to go on and on exploring the chores were done by the light of the kerosene lamp or the tallow candle in the kitchen of the old farmhouse; the brief but inspiring glimpse of the great world beyond which planted within some of us that best of all gifts our alma mater may bestow upon us, no matter how great her dignity and complete her course—the eager mind—the mind that is not content with a little but must have much—the mind that knows no stopping, no sluggishness till it has gone out into

mysteries of the world and of life through borrowed books read after the world and tried its best to dive to the deeps or soar to the very heights of knowledge;—to those of us whose only diplomas were gained at the age of 12 or 13 when our God-fearing and nature-embattling agricultural fathers decided we were old enough to stay at home and do regular work on the farm and stop wasting our time dawdling about in that schoolhouse—to us, you and such as you, sons and daughters of splendidly equipped, thorough-going Miami—the world of the past within easy reach of your hands and the world of the future thus made all the easier before your feet—seem like the favorites of the gods, appointed to dwell in a veritable palace of knowledge, to learn amid a luxury of books and instructors and example and paraphernalia and loving care. Be proud, be appreciative, of the great opportunity the fates have brought you. It is a magic talisman which will strengthen you for the race of life, as those of us who have struggled as best we might along the arduous path without such and aids know only too well.

If I have learned anything in my contact with the world, it is that the secret of success lies in grasping the opportunity which chance or fate or circumstance places within one's reach. It is not for me to preach you a sermon—to tell you how you are to make the best of the opportunity that lies before you here or when you go hence. With all due respect to our good and faithful pilots of the pulpit there may be such a thing as too much preaching. I know a great man—the present president of the United States—who never makes an address nor writes a letter that he does not preach. If he had not been designed by nature and by the fates for great service to the state I fancy he would have made a most excellent and assiduous circuit-rider, an expositor of strenuous and perhaps muscular Christianity. As Charles Lamb said to Coleridge when Coleridge asked him: "I say, Lamb, did you ever hear me preach?" "I n-never heard you do anything else." If I cannot point you morals I may be able to adorn for you a tale or two—tales from the great world of public life and statesmanship wherein I am an humble observer and chronicler for the press.

We men of the pen and the wire who sit in the watch-towers at the national capitol have few virtues. But among these are sincerity and self-reliance. We do not make laws or politics, but we make—and sometimes unmake—the men who do make them. We are not politicians nor partisans. As to parties we are impartial. But we do not surrender the inalienable right of men to have opinions and convictions of our own as to the merits of questions and as to what is or is not good for the country. As to all which vitally concerns the progress and the welfare of our nation we claim and exercise the right to be neutral in nothing, independent in everything. The newspaper correspondents at Washington are, for the most part, men without a party—but not one of us—thank God—is a man without a country.

Opportunity comes to nations as well as to individuals; happy and fortunate the country which has at its head leaders who have the

courage to seize opportunities as they present themselves—opportunities for advancement of the nation's material interests and for promoting its spiritual progress. The day after the recent revolution at Panama I was a caller at the White House. For once I found President Roosevelt uncommunicative. He could not discuss the event. But he paraphrased Shakespeare, saying: "There are turns in the tide of the affairs of men and of nations which taken at the flood lead on to fortune." And then he placed his hand upon my shoulder and led me over to the wall of his office and pointed to a little frame hanging there above the mantel, a frame containing the pen-written copy of a famous poem, and asked me if I had ever seen it before. Yes, I had seen it before. I saw it first hanging in the office of Theodore Roosevelt when he was civil service commissioner in Washington, enforcing the law and quarreling with everyone that got in his way. I saw it next in his office in New York City when he was police commissioner, again enforcing the law against saloon keepers and everyone else, utterly reckless of the political consequences. I saw it for the third time over the desk which he occupied as assistant secretary of the navy, from which he sent the cablegram which ordered George Dewey to go from Hong Kong to Manila and smash the Spanish fleet —an order which was obeyed and which in an hour changed the map of the world and brought this nation out of its chrysalis of traditional escape of responsibility and blossomed it into full national life; at this desk Theodore Roosevelt resisted the almost tearful appeals of wife and family, disregarded the advice of his closest friends, risked position, fortune and life itself, and went to the front in the Spanish war. I saw that poem again hanging upon the wall of the office of the governor of the great state of New York, where Mr. Roosevelt so managed politics and legislation as to mortally offend the big political bosses and lead them, not knowing what they did, to seek to shelve him in the vice presidency. And now I saw it finally nestling under the portrait of Abraham Lincoln in the office of Theodore Roosevelt, head of the greatest nation—greatest in resources, in men and women, in moral purpose and ethical ideals, the world ever saw. It is only fair to assume that this little poem has excercised great influence upon the character of Mr. Roosevelt throughout his remarkable career—that it has been to him a rule of action, an inspiration, a guiding star. The title of this sonnet is "Oportunity." A great, a pregnant word is that, my friends—opportunity—opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I.
Love, fame and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote. And passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise
Before I turn away. It is the hour of fate.
And they which follow me reach every state
Mortals desire; and conquer every foe, save death.

But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore.
I answer not and I return no more.

There are in this world opportunities for success, and opportunities for duty. The greatest man, the greatest people, is the one that seizes the latter as well as the former. The greatest fact in the world of today is that this nation of ours marks the finest and most perfect development of civilization—because it is a nation that stands ready ever to use its strength and treasure, not in self-seeking, not in mere material greed, but in the great works of unselfishness.

Such an opportunity came when Cuba cried aloud to be redeemed from the oppression of an incompetent and reactionary ruler. You know what followed. Such opportunity came when our representatives on the Paris Peace Commission stood face to face with the problem of the future of the Philippines. It was a difficult problem. What should we do with the vast archipelago which had fallen into our lap as a trophy of unselfish war? And here permit me to reveal to you a chapter of history as yet unwritten.

The last words which William McKinley spoke to Judge Day and other American members of the Paris Commission before they sailed for the other side were these: "Don't let them put any islands off upon you." Thus was revealed the policy of our government at that hour. We did not want the Philippines. We were not seeking territory, or aggrandizement. There was nothing imperial in our purpose. But what happened at Paris? Let me tell you in the words of another great son of Ohio, Justice Day. "When we arrived at Paris," he said, "and began our conferences, we had but a vague idea of what the Philippines were. The only map of that region we had was one about as large as a sheet of legal cap paper. Presently we found one as big as the top of an ordinary desk. Finally Admiral Bradford dug up somewhere a map of the archipelago which covered one whole side of a room. That is the way our concept of the Philippines grew upon us. We discovered that instead of dealing with a few scattered islands we were arbiters of the fate of a great people. After a time a Filipino of character and intelligence appeared before us. We asked him if the Filipino people were not ready to take independence. 'Yes,' he said, 'if we are accorded independence we will take it and do the best we can with it.' He was not enthusiastic, and we asked him what he meant. 'Why,' he explained, 'if you give us our independence of course we shall take it, but I'll tell you what will happen. Today you make us a nation standing on our own bottom; and tomorrow the navies of all the world will appear in the Bay of Manila.'

It is an historic fact that if the United States had not taken the Philippines, Germany or some other power would have taken them. This fact was decisive. It explains why the United States, which had set out determined not to have any islands put off upon it, did take more than three thousand islands of the sea and put then under

the flag and started the work of pacifying and civilizing and uplifting them. It was an opportunity to do a great duty in the work of the world and we seized the opportunity. We began that task in the spirit the head of a family shows when he takes into his house the little outcast a storm or a battle sends him, and does his duty by the waif—educating him, teaching him to work, developing him, making a man of him. How difficult the task proved to be, and still is, everyone knows. But the American nation did not flinch from it on that account, and will not flinch in the future. Probably no one whose judgment is worth a rush will now say that the United States did not do the wise thing when it accepted that responsibility—not wise perhaps from the sordid point of view, not wise as an investment—but grandly wise was our national instinct which made it impossible for us to shirk a duty. The culmination of this magnificent episode in the history of nations and of peoples came a few days ago. I was a guest with hundreds of other Americans at the White House to meet the Philippine commissioners who are now visiting in our country. We saw seventy-five intelligent, educated men, polite, accomplished, well versed in the history of the world and fully acquainted with all the progress and spirit of our times. To a man they declared the rule of the United States in their country, thanks to the lofty character and devotion to duty of another great son of Ohio, Governor Taft, had been of the most beneficent character. We had conferred an inestimable blessing upon their people. We were leading them along the path of true development. They were grateful to us, and doubly grateful because we had met our opportunity of duty at Paris and had not permitted them to drift within the dominion of some truly imperialistic power—some power that would have ruled and exploited them on a basis of pure and perhaps unintelligent selfishness.

Only five days ago President Roosevelt said to me:

"I believe every American, without regard to his party affiliations, has the right to feel proud of the record his country has made in our dependent countries. We have done nothing but try to uplift them. We kept our word in Cuba, we helped them with a new commercial arrangement, we have started them on the right road. We have done the same for Hawaii, for Porto Rico, for the Philippines. We want all our Central and South American friends to feel that this is our watchword, our rule of action. We help, we guide, we uplift. We seek no selfish opportunity. I would sooner lose my right arm than treat any of our dependent peoples, or any of the struggling countries to the south of us, in a way that would not be in accord with this high, this ethical, this unselfish standard we have set for ourselves."

And I say to you, my friends—I, an observer, one whose business it is to know what is going on in our government both before and behind the scenes—that this is true; that we have kept to our ideals; that we are generous; that we are just. Why, in the Philippines today the great complaint made of our government, by our

own people, is that we will not let the traders and the seekers after franchises and commercial opportunities do as they like, that we are too friendly to the Filipinos and too hard upon Americans who go there to make money. To my mind this is the fairest and brightest jewel in the crown which our republic wears today in the eyes of the world.

One recent day the Russian Ambassador at Washington—Count Cassini—in a moment of pique due to discovery that the sympathy of this country is overwhelmingly with little Japan—exclaimed that the American people are incapable of a chivalric view of any question —"they are merely a race of shopkeepers." But Count Cassini was wrong. He does not know the American people. Recent history shows that in justice and generosity to weak and dependent peoples ours are the most chivalric people in the world. One of the most beautiful things in all civilization today is that this great nation, this strongest, this most powerful nation on earth, is so gentle and so just in its giant's strength. We had Cuba, we have the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Isthmus—but thank God we have no Poland, no Finland, no Kischinev.

I, for one, am proud that where American rule goes there is always to be found a government for the good of the governed. A thousand school teachers going from the United States to Cuba, American soldiers in the Philippines laying aside the rifle and the bayonet and taking up the spelling book and the reader before large classes of dusky boys and girls in the native schools—here is the answer to the charge that a republic cannot administer a dependent country without losing its character and its ideals. Where we go we carry justice and education. Where our tax-gatherers appear, there are funds to be expended intelligently and honestly for the good of the people who pay the taxes, and for nothing else. We levy no tribute. We make no pastures of our colonies—grazing grounds in which to fatten our traders, reward our politicians and enrich our elder sons. We sanction no rapacity, no grinding of the people, as Spain ground Cuba almost into the dust. Proud are we, as we have a right to be, that under American control there is none of that feudal system of robbery through the tax-gatherer which has characterized imperial colonialism through the ages from the day of Rome down to the rule of Russia in Manchuria. No man in the Philippines or any other country over which floats our flag has occasion to lament his lot in the language employed by the unfortunate settler of whom George D. Prentice wrote:

His horse went dead and his mule went lame,
And he lost his cows in a poker game.
Then a hurricane came on a summer day,
And blew the house where he lived away.
And an earthquake came when that was gone,
And swallowed the land the house stood on.
Then the tax collector, he came round,
And charged him up with the hole in the ground.

The greatest revolution going on in the world today is the gradual but sure displacement of domination through force by leadership through morality. There is developing a world public opinion—a public opinion mightier than the most puissant navy or the vastest army ever created—and in the last analysis all mankind must bow to its edict. It is a world public opinion which becomes more and more ethical, more just, more generous, as the years roll by. Out of the contact, the intercourse and at times the conflicts of nations there is gradually emerging the higher law—the law that the general good of mankind is supreme. To this law all must submit. It governs nations as well as individuals. No nation, no government, no corporation, is strong enough or rich enough to do altogether as it likes with its own. It is a law which applies to the governors as well as to the governed. It is a law which was applied to Spain, to Columbia, to Turkey, to Russia, in South Africa and which will be applied to Japan, to Germany, to Great Britian, to the United States. In case need arises, it applies to the strong as well as to the weak. And a part of it, developing as it develops, is the responsibility of the strong for the welfare of the weak. That is the responsibility we assumed in the Philippines, in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Isthmus.

In this magnificent development of the higher civilization the United States is playing a leading part. Centuries ago the people of the old world held to the tradition that somewhere in this new continent of the west there existed a spring or fountain whose waters gave eternal youth to all who drank of them. The fountain is here, in the figurative sense.

It is from our beloved country gushes forth the mightiest stream of ethical progress in the world's affairs. We have seized our opportunities. We freed the slaves. We have given asylum to the oppressed and lowly of every land. We rescued Cuba and the Philippines from the grasp of mediaevalism. Largely through the genius of one man—John Hay—the foremost statesman of the world in its international relations today—John Hay, of whom Presidennt McKinley once said to me—"Hay is the fairest flower of our civilization. Able, learned, experienced, rich enough to live where he likes and do what he likes, with a fondness for travel and for art and literature, he is yet patriotic enough to give his great talents to his country." Through the genius of this man, supported by McKinley and Roosevelt, we have made ourselves the leader of the best statesmanship of the world in demanding the open door, the equal commercial opportunity for all nations in China, and preservation of that ancient empire from the ravages of exploiting imperialism. We lead, not through our display or threat of force, because all the world knows we shall not fight in that cause, but through our moral prestige—and the nations follow.

At Washington it is not a secret—however it may be elsewhere—that before little Japan threw down the gauntlet to mighty Russia she sat at the feet of our statesmen and learned the lesson of the new idea—acquired the principle of fair dealing and of respect for the

rights of others. Before engaging in war Japan knew she had the moral support of America and of England. Today progressive Japan, democratic Japan, imbued by the modern spirit, is fighting the battle of civilization against Russian absolutism and reaction. I do not hesitate to say that there is a thorough understanding between Tokio, London and Washington. This does not mean that either Great Britian or America is likely to be drawn into the struggle. It does mean that they agree as to what the effect of the war shall be upon the progress of the world. And, my friends, where the three great democracies of our times—the United States, England and Japan—stand together, there is none to stand successfully against them.

John Hay saw his opportunity, and seized it. He saw the Russian advance to the Pacific, the mighty, ceaseless rush of the Cossacks that threatened in time to bring all east Asia under the dominion of the Czar, to place one-third of the population of the world and nearly one-fifth of the arable surface of our globe under the control of an aristocratic, military, tyrannical oligarchy surrounding the imperial throne at St. Petersburg. With clear mind he saw this impending world-calamity, this upsetting of the political and industrial equilibrium by massing hundreds of millions of cheap-working, low standard of comfort people as puppets in the hands of the one great power which better represents the middle ages than our own times—and with consummate skill he rallied the moral sense and the self-interest of the world with a phrase, with an idea. Poet as well as statesman that he is, he knew ideas rule the world and phrases are the electrical media which carry them to the auditory nerves and brain cells of all Christendom. So he wrote the sign—"The Open Door—Equal Opportunity—No destruction of the Chinese Empire," and raised it aloft. And the better part of the world rallied about it.

Then little Japan saw her opportunity. Menaced by the Cossack advance, her very existence threatened, she determined to have a settlement of war. There is nothing finer in all history than the manner in which this little David stood before the huge Goliath. To those of us who are to some extent at least behind the scenes in modern diplomacy the true story of Japan's stand against Russia—a story not yet written—seems an epic that is destined to live to the end of time in song and story. From it we may gather lessons worthy to be written in letters of fire in our individual and national code.

Japan was right; she stood on ethical ground; she championed a cause which thrice strengthened her arm and ranged the god of battles on her side; she raised aloft the banner of the higher law, that of the general good, whilst her antagonist represented the old doctrine of material selfishness, the rule of force, the domination of mere might unaccompanied by good works.

Japan was sincere. She had caught the spirit which rules our own diplomacy, called the diplomacy of the shirt-sleeves, the diplomacy of honesty, the diplomacy which means what it says. It is within my personal knowledge that after long consideration the

statesmen of Japan took their ground and from it they never moved. They made their demand upon Russia, and they refused to modify it. They knew what they wanted, what they were justly entitled to, and never for a moment did they think of taking less. I know, too, that Russia did not expect war. Russian diplomacy, no matter how admirable may be Russian individual character, is the diplomacy of deceit, of insincerity, of tricks, of indirections. It is an axiom in the foreign affairs offices of many governments that a Russian diplomatist never means what he says. As an eminent diplomatist one said to me: "When I meet the Russian ambassador I do not cudgel my brain with the question whether or not he is lying. I know he is lying. My only curiosity is as to just why and for what purpose he is telling that particular lie. It is a sad, a pathetic fact, but still a fact, that for this habit of insincerity in dealings with other powers Russia is now paying a terrible price. At St. Petersburg they did not believe Japan was in earnest. They knew they themselves were not, and it was past their belief that Japan could be. They knew they were making demands from which they intended in good time to recede, and they supposed as a matter of course Japan was in the same attitude. To them diplomacy, even the diplomacy which involves the dread issue of war or peace, is a game to be played with finesse and bluff and trick and mask, like horse-trading or poker. They were constitutionally unable to conceive of a diplomacy which was something else, which was sincere, which was honest, and which meant to stick to its first declared irreducible minimum and to fight for it if necessary. In short, Russia was the victim of her own national fault of insincerity. She thought the negotiations would continue for months and months, and would not be terminated till she had had several opportunities to jockey with modifications, proposals and counter proposals. Suddenly, like a bolt of lightening out of a sky only cloudy but seemingly not pregnant with disaster, came —war.

And Japan was ready. Russia was not. As the first lesson is to arm yourself with the right, and the second is to be sincere and to give your adversary credit for equal sincerity, that you may not deceive and victimize yourself in trying to deceive and victimize others, so the third lesson is preparation for the struggle that may come. Be ready, be prepared, be sure. Today the world is amazed at Japan's success. It is a success due more to adequate and thorough preparation than to anything else. It is the success which comes always to him who is thorough, who is efficient, who is zealous, who is careful, who is master of himself and strives with might and main to make himself master of the situation. Again, autocracies and oligarchies, remnants of the middle ages, breed inefficiency, carelessness, lack of that individual striving and devotion to duty—especially public duty, duty to the state, duty to society—which is the distinguishing mark and the glory of republics and of all free people who are their own masters. As personal and collective efficiency in Japan have been leaping forward, in Russia there has been retro-

gression. One is a nation of patriotic individualism, of preferment through merit alone; the other is afflicted with a bureauocracy redolent of favoritism, indifference and incompetency. A few years ago I went to Philadelphia to witness the launching of a Japanese warship. "She is a good ship," said one of the builders. "If she wasn't the Japanese would not accept her. They have had a dozen of their naval officers here during the whole period of construction, and those little Japs have almost slept in the yards. They have watched every piece of steel, every bolt and nut, that has gone into her as if their lives depended upon its being just right."

"And how about the Russians? You are building a ship for them, too."

"Oh, the Russians are easy," was the reply. "They loaf about the clubs, drinking and smoking, and do not bother us at all."

The best of it all is that the greatest triumphs to be won in the world today are the triumphs of duty, of unselfishness, of meeting the responsibility of the strong for the welfare of the weak. Contrast America in the Philippines with Russia in Poland. Compare the Czar of Russia with William McKinley. We have lived to see the day when oppression through force is almost gone from civilization. And the next task before the world is to see to it that oppression through wealth is also disposed of and relegated to the middle ages. Thank heaven, we are approaching the day when the accumulation of a great fortune is not success, when the discoverer of diphtheria anti-toxin is far more honored than a Rockefeller, when the humble American army officer who learned how to suppress yellow fever by destroying mosquitoes leaves behind him a greater name than a Gould or a Vanderbilt. Dr. Johnson once said that wealth was of small account because it shut out but one of the ills of the world—poverty—and usually brought many others in its train. We are fast coming to the days when wealth alone is nothing but a burden; and I hope to live to see a world opinion which will regard the greedy pursuit of a vast fortune as despicable as gluttony.

It is sometimes said there are nowadays few or no opportunities for young men and women. Why, my friends, this is the golden age of opportunity—the age of individualism, of merit and of efficiency. Probably there never was a time in the history of the world when man counted for so much and birth, rank or fortune for so little; when there were so many openings for men and women of forcefulness, of originality, in science, invention, business, engineering, literature, public life. The trust has not suppressed the man. We hear much of the trusts destroying opportunity. But only a few days ago the manager of perhaps the greatest trust in the world told me their constant fear was that the dry rot of personal indifference and lack of zeal would in the end work the ruin of that great corporation. That is the thing they have constantly to guard against—the competition of the smaller concern managed by men who own it and who are therefore more efficient in its conduct. The great trusts may mass millions of money, but it will all go for naught in the end with-

out the men—men of the first rank. And today the cry in New York and Chicago and elsewhere is for men of the first rank. Five hundred dollar men are to be had in droves. Five thousand dollar men are scarce. Ten thousand dollar men rarer still.

Do not fear lack of opportunity. There is opportunity in transportation, where Americans have already eclipsed all the world, carrying both freight and passengers cheaper than any other country, and constantly struggling for the means to carry them still cheaper.

There is opportunity in the carrying of the teeming millions of our great cities, where the problem of congestion and of inadequate facilities constantly calls for solution, where a thousand pounds of dead weight of train has to be carried for every passenger transported, and where the reward of success is offered him who will find the means to decrease this dead drag, increase capacity and enhance speed.

There is opportunity in spreading electrical traction and electrical manipulation to all the countries of the world. Vast areas in Africa, in Asia, in South America, in the Philippines and elsewhere, lie fallow for the harvest of progress, the harvest of modernity. which means machinery, mechanics, transportation, commerce, and all the wide range of development of which primitive regions are capable. The young Americans of the near future will roam the earth in search of opportunities—and they will find them.

Here at home opportunity is by no means exhausted. The world needs better lawyers, better doctors, better ministers of the gospel, better educators, better business men, better engineers, better journalists. Progress and change are not at an end. I think I see the coming of the day when hundreds of thousands of Americans will find employment in the creation of a complete system of good roads extending to almost every county and township in this vast land. Yea, more, I believe my eyes foresee the creation of a mighty system of automobile public conveyances, running over these roads on regular schedules, and carrying the blessings of communication and cheap and frequent transportation to millions of farms, as steam railroads have carried them to cities and towns. I see motor driven machinery and implements applied to farm work. I see such a development of country communications as will centralize education, vastly extending the good work in that direction already begun, replacing the seven-by-nine roadside schoolhouses with centers of learning fully equipped and attended by pupils from townships or even larger areas instead of from mere districts. I see the spread of knowledge and of interest in the world's affairs almost indefinitely widening the demand for good books, good magazines, good newspapers, good writers. I see science making as rapid strides in the future as in the past. I see, in a word, a world becoming more complex, more highly specialized, more luxurious, with a higher standard of comfort more widely diffused, and every step forward demanding men, men, women, women—men and women educated, fit, prepared, efficient, to do the world's work.

There is opportunity in public life, in politics. I know something of politics and of politicians and of the men who hold our public offices. And to you who stand before me today I wish to say with all the emphasis of which our good mother tongue and my voice are capable—there is opportunity in politics. You are needed in politics. Men of education and character are wanted in our statesmanship and our public duties. Do not let the ignorant and the corrupt monopolize those fields. Crowd them out. Do not make the mistake of supposing that politics is a game unworthy of you, that you are in danger of being degraded or tarnished if you attempt to play it. I am proud to say that politics of the better sort in our country is a game of earnestness and decency, of good faith, of standing loyally by your friends as they stand by you. Politics develops manhood; it developes courage. It developes usefulness. I urge the university and college men of our country to go into politics—go in with all your force and strength. Go into the primaries in wards and townships; crowd out the unworthies; do not fear but water will find its level there as well as elsewhere, that the law of the exclusion of the inferior by the superior will work for you there as everywhere in this world's activities. Begin at the bottom and work your way to the top. Start as an assessor, or road-master, if needs be, and let the seat in the legislature, in congress, the governorship, the higher honors, come after you have deserved them. They will come if you deserve them; and such men as you, men with trained minds and bodies and characters are needed in all the high places in our political system to displace a lot of the ignorant, the stupid, the inefficient, the non-progressive now to be found there.

You have great advantages over many of your fellows. You have education. But do not make the mistake of thinking that alone is success. It is only a part of your equipment. Your education has strengthened your sinews for the race; how you run it is for you to determine. Your education has placed certain totals and instrumentalities in your hands; it is for you to use them effectively. Here you have been taught what has been accomplished in the great world; it is for you to go out into that world and accomplish something on your own account.

I promised not to preach to you. But I cannot refrain from this one word: remember that your education here is after all only a means of teaching you how to go on educating yourselves to the end of your time. Do not be afraid to work, to work, to work. My friends, there are only two joys in this world—work and love—love and work—and they go hand-in-hand. Do not be afraid to think, think hard, think all the time. Newton was asked how he had discovered the law of gravity, he replied: "By incessantly thinking about it."

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